Oh Lady Fair!

A Ballad

FOR

Three Voices

DEDICATED

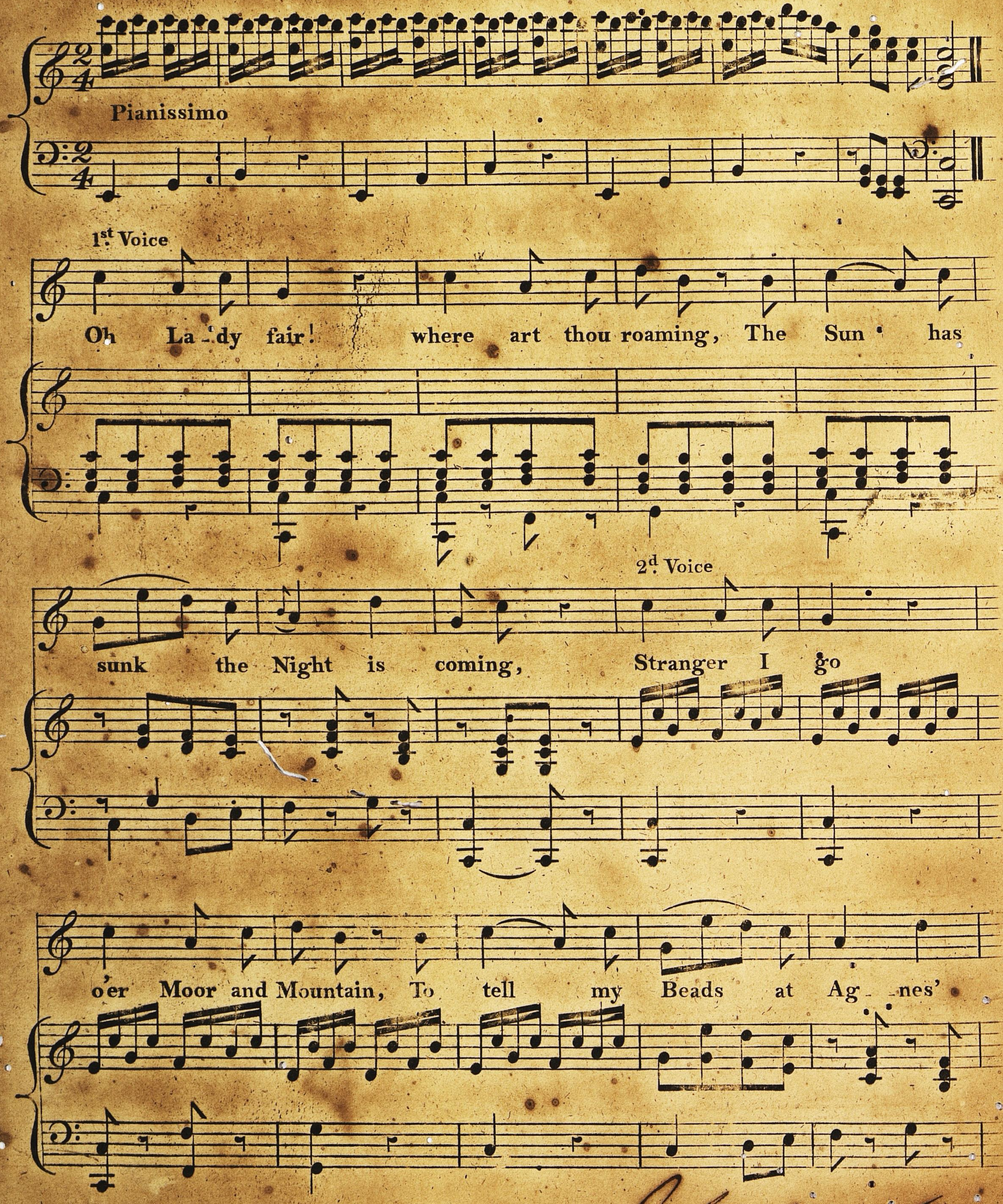
TO THE

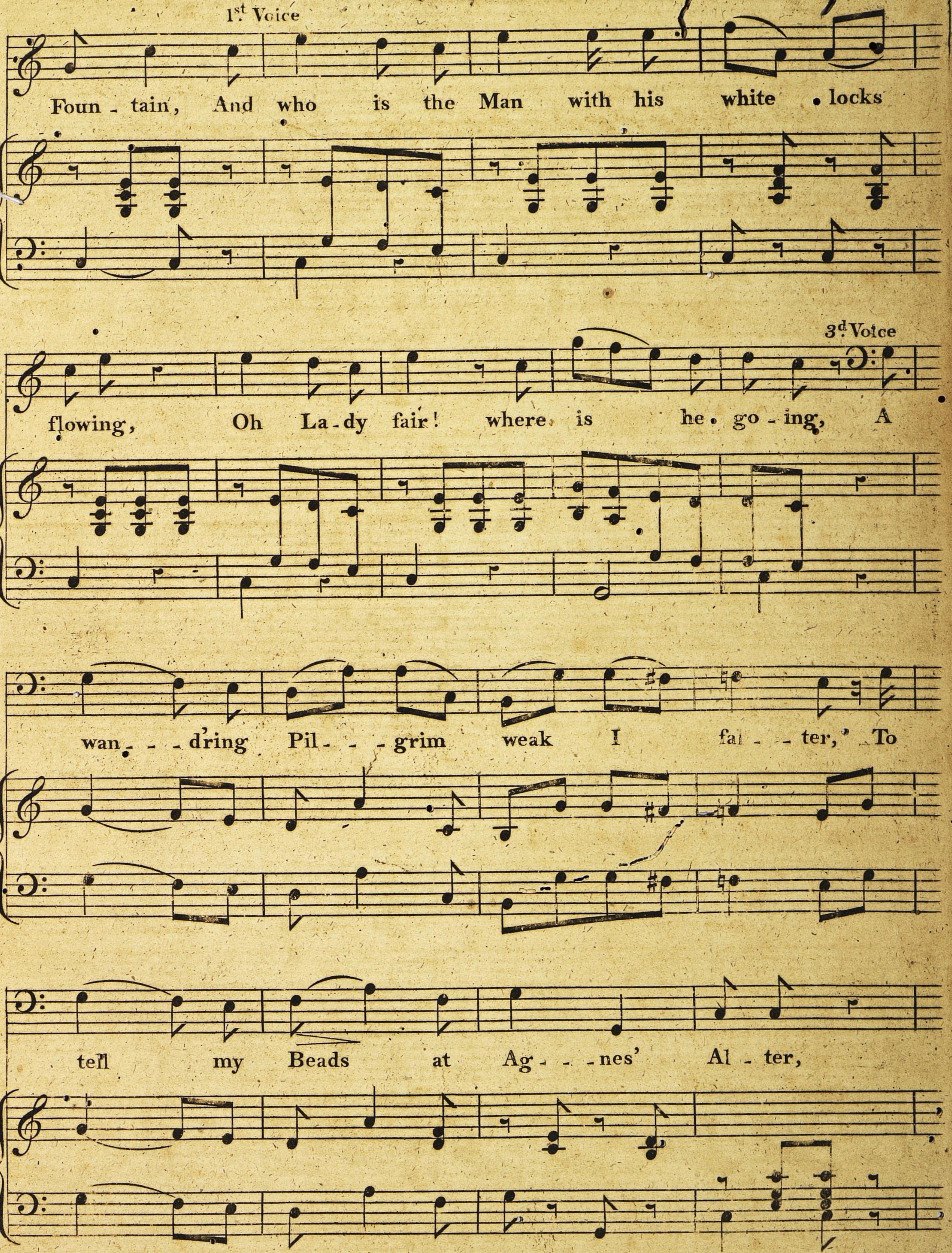
Rt. Honble. Lady Charlotte Rawdon.

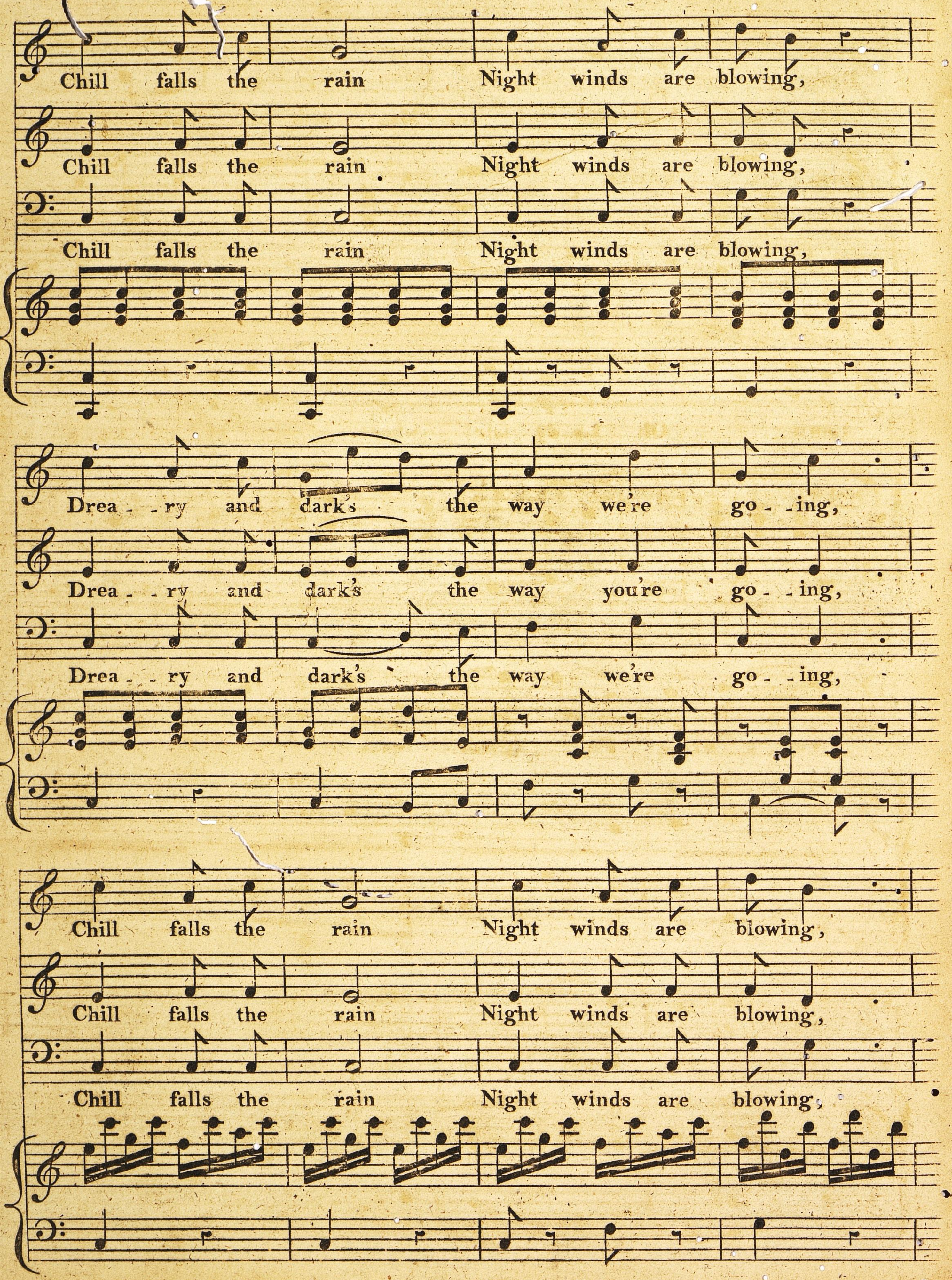
Printed by James Carpenter.
Old Bond Street
1802.

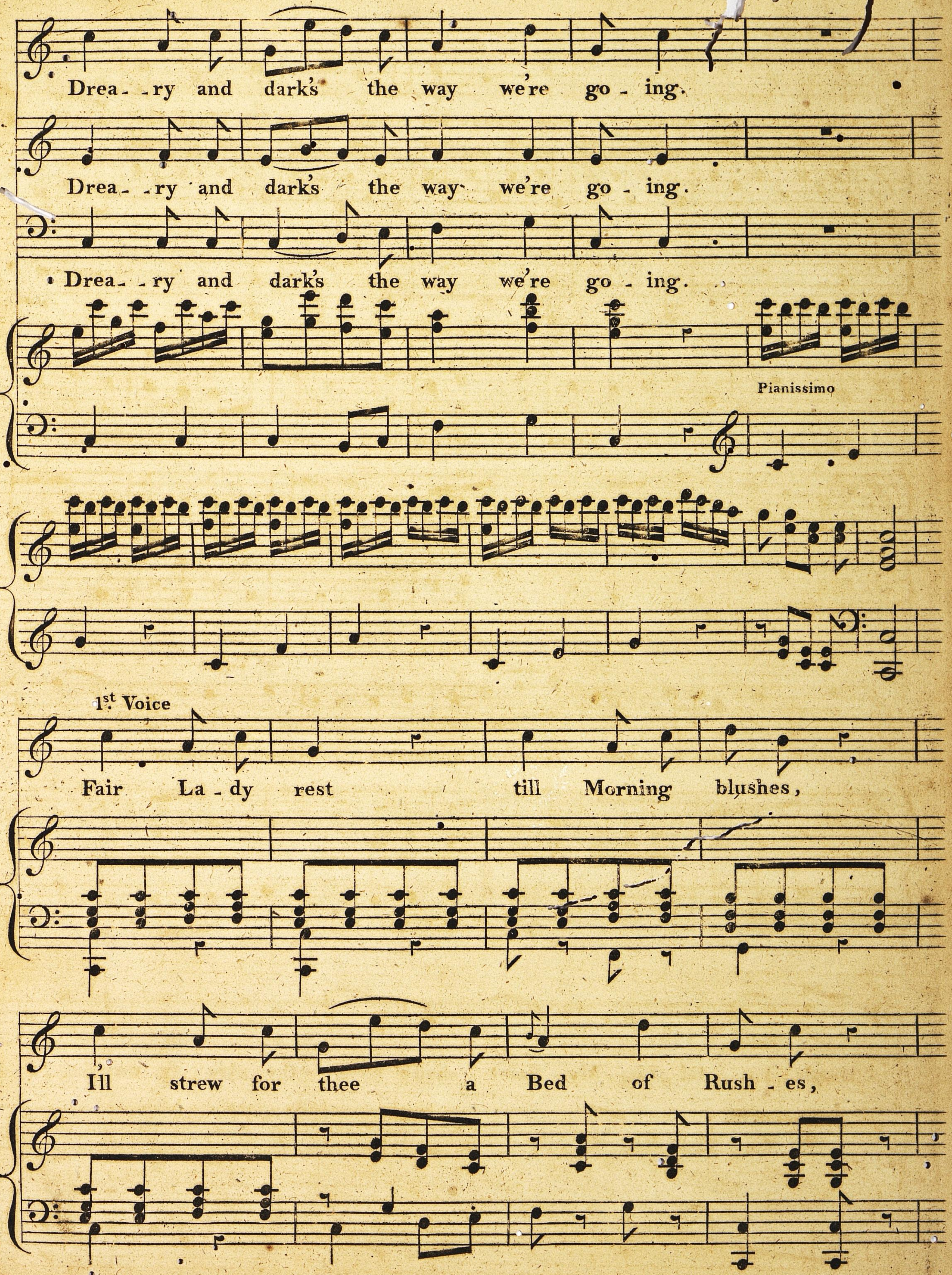
Oh Lady Fair.

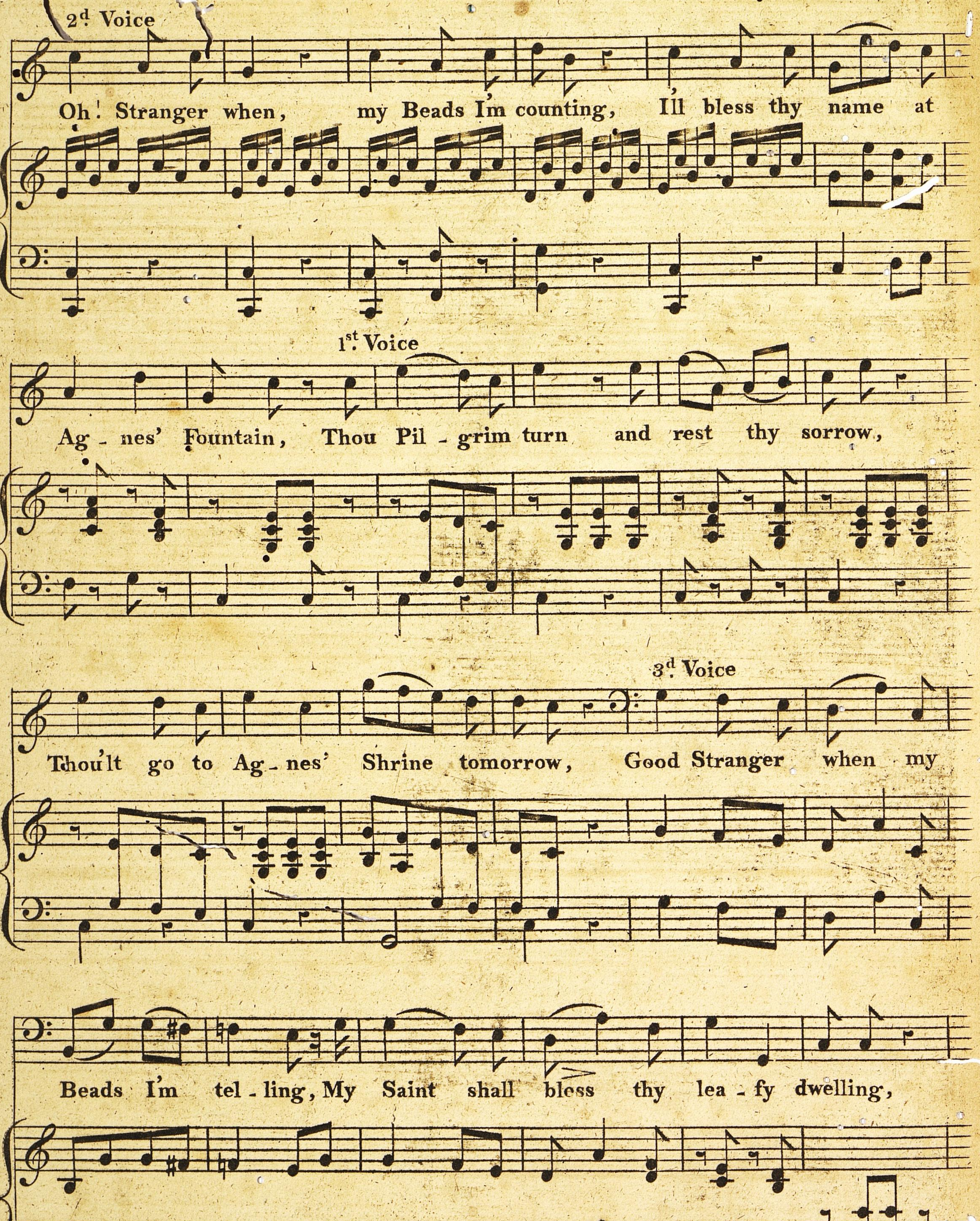
The Words & Music by Thos. Moore Esqr.

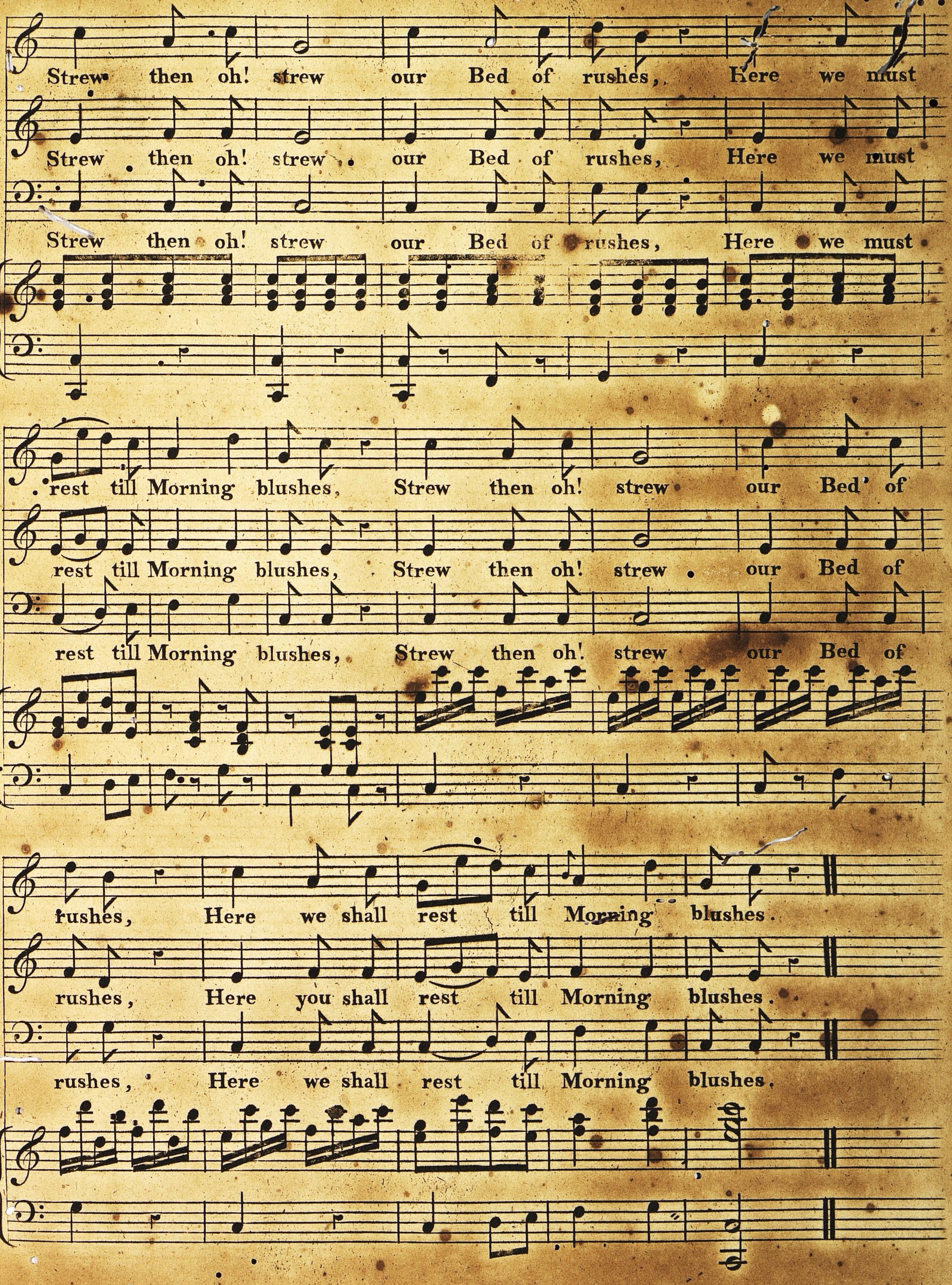



1st Voice
Foun - tain, And who is the Man with his white locks
flowing, Oh La - dy fair! where is he go - ing, A
3d Voice
wan - - d'ring Pil - - grim weak I fal - - ter, To
tell my Beads at Ag - - nes' Al - ter,


Chill falls the rain Night winds are blowing,
Chill falls the rain Night winds are blowing,
Chill falls the rain Night winds are blowing,
Drea - - ry and dark's the way we're go - - ing,
Drea - - ry and dark's the way you're go - - ing,
Drea - - ry and dark's the way we're go - - ing,
Chill falls the rain Night winds are blowing,
Chill falls the rain Night winds are blowing,
Chill falls the rain Night winds are blowing,


Drea - ry and dark's the way we're go - ing.
Drea - ry and dark's the way we're go - ing.
Drea - ry and dark's the way we're go - ing.
Pianissimo
1st Voice
Fair La - dy rest till Morning blushes,
Ill strew for thee a Bed of Rush - es,


2d. Voice
Oh! Stranger when, my Beads Im counting, Ill bless thy name at
1st. Voice
Ag - nes' Fountain, Thou Pil - grim turn and rest thy sorrow,
3d. Voice
Thou'lt go to Ag - nes' Shrine tomorrow, Good Stranger when my
Beads I'm tel - ling, My Saint shall bless thy lea - fy dwelling,


Strew then oh! strew our Bed of rushes, Here we must
Strew then oh! strew our Bed of rushes, Here we must
Strew then oh! strew our Bed of rushes, Here we must
rest till Morning blushes, Strew then oh! strew our Bed of
rest till Morning blushes, Strew then oh! strew our Bed of
rest till Morning blushes, Strew then oh! strew our Bed of
rushes, Here we shall rest till Morning blushes.
rushes, Here you shall rest till Morning blushes.
rushes, Here we shall rest till Morning blushes.